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THE  
LIFE AND ADVENTURES

OF

JAMES F. O'CONNELL,

THE TATTOOED MAN.

DURING A RESIDENCE OF ELEVEN YEARS IN NEW  
HOLLAND AND THE CAROLINE ISLANDS.

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I was born in Dublin, on the 10th of November, 1808. The first thing I remember of childhood is, being an inmate of a school at Monaster Evean, about forty miles from Dublin; whence myself and two sisters were, one day, forwarded to Dublin, and shipped to Liverpool, consigned to the landlord of my father's boarding-house. We arrived in the evening, and he carried us to the circus. I can recollect, as distinctly as though it were yesterday, my childish astonishment at what appeared to me, the magnificence of the building, the glare of light, the gorgeous tinsel ornaments, and, more than all, the superhuman feats of the ring. The drolleries of the clown filled me with a childish delight, which nothing in after years has paralleled. I thought the riders the most remarkable and enviable beings I had ever happened upon. Did I inherit this passion or not. When I was told that one of the troupe was my mother, and a person sparkling with jewels was pointed out to me as that mother, I would not have exchanged my parentage for that of a duke. I could hardly refrain from throwing myself into the ring, to assert, before the audience, my claim to a portion of their applause, as the son of the person they were so loudly cheering.

Our first meeting with our parents, after a five years' separation, took place in my mother's dressing-room. She stifled our expressions of wonder at her princely vocation, by maternal caressess, more tender and repeated than gentle.

I spent about a year with my parents, and then went in company with an uncle, who was also an equestrian, to London. My uncle did not keep a very strict eye upon me, and I spent my time in lounging about Deptford and wapping. Here I formed an acquaintance with the sailors, and, at length, Cap-

tain Salmon, of the ship *Phoenix*, took a fancy to me, and without the knowledge or consent of any of my friends, I shipped as cabin-boy on board his vessel.

A short time after I joined her at Deptford, she moved down to Woolwich, to take in live freight; being chartered by Government for the transportation of female convicts to Botany Bay.

Here were two hundred "ladies"—for so I suppose we are bound to style them—put on board of ship for the purpose of being conveyed many thousand miles from their native land, and what was probably worse for them, obliged to labor honestly for their bread. A few of them appeared to regret their fate, and perhaps were about to leave sweethearts behind them. But the majority appeared to revel in the prospect of a change of scene, and doubtless, thought themselves peculiarly fortunate in being able to take a voyage free of expense. If occasionally a cloud would pass over their minds at the thought of leaving dear friends behind, it was quickly dispelled by the reflection that a re-union with those friends at Botany Bay was more than probable.

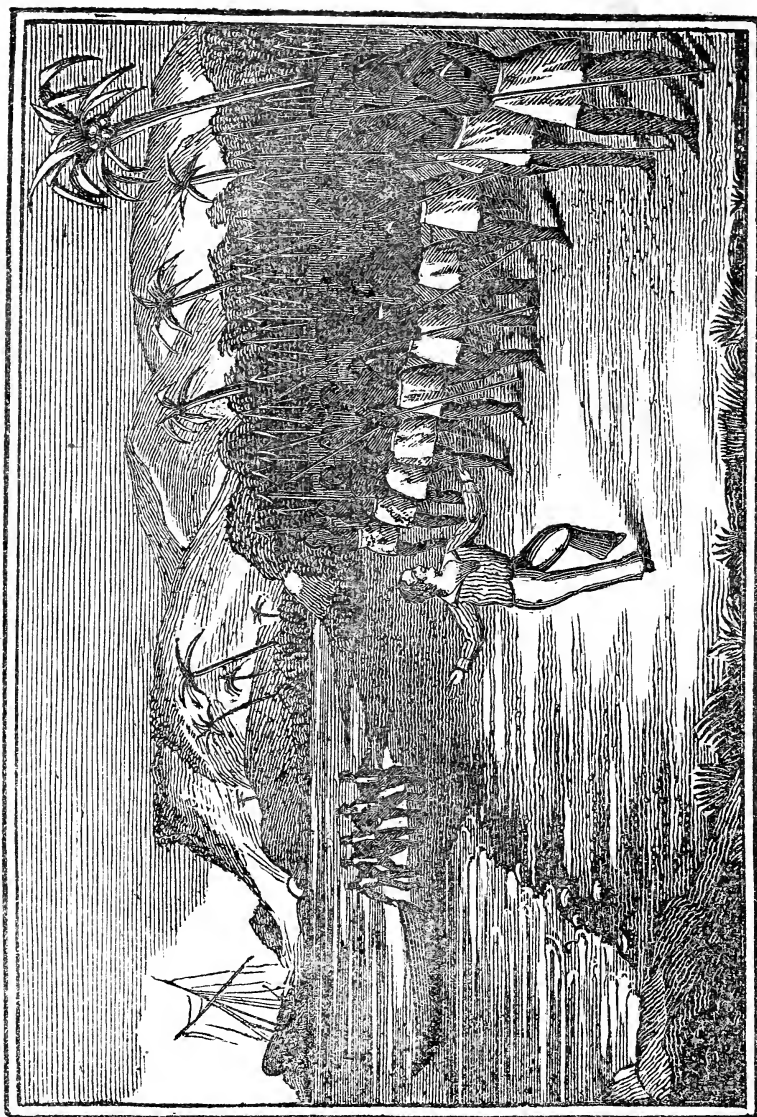
After a passage of five months, we came within sight of the rocky heads of Sydney Cove. Here was a meeting of friends; and, if on leaving the shores of old England, there had been some tears dropped at the severing of attached hearts, they were amply compensated by the joyous greetings which attended our arrival at Botany Bay.

After lingering about this place awhile, I shipped in 1822, on board a vessel called the *Cape Packet*, Capt. Dillon, bound on a whaling cruise. She was a half-rigged brig, of between one and two hundred tons, and was owned by a Mr. Haynes, who had formerly been a convict.

At that time the Sydney whalers were almost the only vessels that cruised to the north of New-Holland; since then the American and English whalers have made free with the leviathans that sport in those waters.

In the *Cape Packet*, seven of the hands were natives of the South Sea Islands, called *kanakas*. We had been five months on the ground and were taking the jacket from the last whale necessary for completing our cargo, when a white squall came frothing along the water, until the sea looked, as far as the eye could reach, as if it was filled with white cats coming to take our vessel by storm. As the squall struck us, we fell upon our beam-ends. All was now confusion; the vessel lay with her keel out of water, struggling and working like a living thing against the power of the elements. Another moment and the topsail and jib went to tatters; her light spars snapped and







fell to leeward; the first fury of the squall was over; the resistance of our vessel to the wind was lessened, and she righted quivering and trembling. A steadier gale, accompanied by thunder and lightning, followed; yet when we contrasted this storm with the horrors of the white squall, we indulged a feeling of security. This feeling was, however, but momentary, for the appalling fact was almost immediately ascertained that, racked and riven by the tempest, our vessel was rapidly filling.

Before we could clear the stern and quarter boats from the davit tackles, their keels were in the water, and our utmost exertion was necessary to prevent their being swamped under the davit heads. Each of the crew consulted his own safety. We stripped the harness cask of its contents and shoved away from alongside in haste, to escape the vortex which we supposed would be caused by her singing. We might, however, have been more deliberate, as even after she was water-logged, we could, while daylight lasted, see the stumps of her masts.

In the boat with myself were five of the kanakas. We put into the boat from the vessel, only some pork and beef from the harness cask; but every whale-boat is supplied with a compass, a tinder-box, and a water keg, in addition to the apparatus for destroying whales. The water keg, however, was nearly empty, and the excitement of danger and escape produced such a thirst on the part of the kanakas, that they drank all the water before I felt an inclination to drink. This did not vex me much as I believed we were only about fifty miles from the land. We were, however, four days in reaching it, and during that time, four of my kanaka companions died of thirst and exhaustion. The surviving kanaka, proposed to eat of the body of the last one that died. I shuddered with disgust, and he gave over the idea. Even then we were in sight of land, but so completely exhausted from hunger, fatigue, and want of sleep, that we could no longer make exertion to reach it. My wrists were swollen and weak; my feet having been in the water at the bottom of the boat, were shrivelled and raw. We resigned our boat to the mercy of the waves, and were drifted on shore to a level sandy beach. Hoasts of the natives, who had long discovered our boat as it slowly drifted to the shore, waded out, took it by the head and hauled it up. Some of them immediately stepped into it and plundered it of every thing movable—oars, irons, lances, tubs, &c. The reader may be curious to know why they did not put off to us in their canoes; but the aborigines of New-Holland have no canoes in which they venture upon the sea at all—as their boats are the rudest known, inefficient and clumsy, like every thing else belonging to them. We were too weak to

stand erect, and upon reaching the beach, sank in the sand. We made earnest gestures for water, but they paid no attention to our wants till they had stripped us of every article of clothing; then some water was brought us in calabashes, and some of the flesh of the kangaroo and bandycoot. Refreshed by these, we lay down to sleep under the native blanket—a wide strip of bark doubled—and never before was sleep so delightful or refreshing to me.

Eight or nine months spent among these savages, gave me time to observe their habits; for my ignorance of the country, and the hindrance of the natives, so impeded my progress, that it occupied all that time in travelling from the place where the Cape Packet was wrecked, to Port Macquarrie.

At and about Port Macquarrie, and to the north of that settlement, the aborigines of New-Holland are probably more savage and filthy in their habits, and less acquainted with anything like art, than on any other part of the continent. In the southern and western parts, the natives have something like houses, but in nearly every other part of the country, bark shelter answers every purpose, and under this they sleep. A large fire is built at one end to keep away Poloyan, the devil, whose power is recognized by all the tribes. Like many other savages, they think it more necessary to curry favor with their devil than to worship the good spirit. When a thunder storm comes up, they prostrate themselves to the earth, and their shoutings and howlings are intended for worship.

They are divided into small tribes, and in some few of these, hereditary chiefs hold sway; in others, might makes right, and the strongest assert a rule per force. The connecting link between apes and men, they have generally less resemblance to the African negro than the New-Zealander, and particularly, when old, resemble the monkey more than other human beings do. In stature, they are generally above the middle size, and their bodies bear an apish proportion to their legs, those limbs being shorter than a European, while the arms appear longer. In complexion, they vary from copper colour to black; the latter being generally the least ferocious race. Marriage is an institution hardly recognized, and often dissolved at will. Upon the birth of twins, one is killed; and white or mulatto children of black mothers are butchered as soon as born, the husband acting the executioner, and the mother consenting.

Cannibalism is a trait found more or less among the tribes on all parts of the continent, but principally on the northern part. I have seen parts of human bodies in the bags which the women carry on their backs; and am convinced, from direct oral accounts, in which I put credit, that even abandoned white

runaways, after a residence with the natives, learn to eat human flesh.

On my overland jaunt from the north coast to Port Macquarrie, I encountered, with one tribe, two runaway convict women, and with another a convict man. They had become so utterly degraded, as to be scarce above the savages in their habits; wore next to no clothing, and fell into their indolent and filthy mode of existence.

After remaining at Port Macquarrie about six weeks, I was shipped to Sydney as a runaway convict. My story had the less weight, because instances are not unfrequently of convicts stumbling upon penal or other settlements in their wanderings, and many could tell as good a story as mine, in every thing but the slight circumstance of truth. Happy to find a conveyance back to Sydney, I embarked.

In or about the year 1826, I shipped in the barque John Bull, whaler, Captain Backus. After we had been from Sydney about four months, we put in at the Bay Islands, New-Zealand. Bishop Marsden, at that time on a visit to New-Zealand, from his residence at Paramatta, put on board of us a missionary who was appointed to Strong's Island, one of the Caroline Archipelago, with his wife and daughter. We were to cruise among the islands towards Japan, with the intention to reach the shores of Japan at a particular season when whales were supposed to frequent the sea of Japan. At eight months out, we had taken about eight hundred barrels of oil, and were endeavoring to make Strong's Island to leave our passengers. At nightfall we had made no land, but knew from observation and the ship's log, that we were within a day's sail of our destination. We were bowling along under easy sail, the wind on our quarter, when, at about eight o'clock in the evening, the vessel struck on a concealed coral reef, which is not laid down in the charts. Captain Backus was, as usual, drunk on the hen-coop, when the vessel struck. The boats were lowered; but notwithstanding the necessary precipitation with which we prepared to leave the vessel, the boat in which I escaped was furnished with provisions and arms, and we were able also to take away some ammunition and little portable articles. In the boat with myself were five seamen, and the wife and daughter of the missionary. He was in the boat with the captain. In the four boats the whole crew escaped from the vessel. For five or six hours we kept together, but when the morning dawned, there was only one of the other boats discernable, and that but faintly, a long distance a stern, as we crested a wave. Even in a latitude, which must have been within fifteen degrees of the equator, a night passed without sleep or food, in an

open boat, washed by a continual breaking of the sea over it, chilled our frames; we were faint, cold, weak, and dispirited. But the sufferings of the ladies engrossed more of our care than our own situation. As I sat steering, I folded the shivering sobbing daughter to my body with my left arm, while two of my shipmates assisted in protecting her by placing themselves on each side. The mother was similarly cared for by other seamen. We tendered them parts of our clothing, but could not persuade or induce them to accept anything of the kind. The suffering of these women was indeed great; but in all their affliction they bore holy testimony to the efficacy of that religion whose messengers they were; their fortitude might have put even some of their male associates in misfortune to the blush. On shipboard, before our misfortune, the discreet and feeling manner in which they strove to impress upon rude sailors the truths of religion, had convinced all of their *sincerity* at least. In the boat we had more affecting proof: they prayed frequently and fervently, and there were none to scoff.

Broiling heat succeeded the chills of night; the wind abated, flattened; at noon we were becalmed, dying with heat and fatigue upon a sea whose dead swell was as smooth as glass. After two days and three nights' exposure, the daughter died at about ten o'clock on the third day. For some hours before she had been apparently unconscious of her situation. She had talked in her wanderings, of her father, of her home, and of the island to which she was destined on an errand of mercy. The mother was by suffering so far bereft of sensibility, that the death of her child hardly moved her. She scarcely appeared to understand us when we informed her of it; or, if she did, the announcement was received with delirious joy. With as much attention to the forms of civilized society, as our situation would permit, we committed the body to the ocean. The mother, in her weak state, hardly uttered a comment, and in a few hours, followed her daughter.

Upon the next morning after performing these melancholy duties, we made the land. We had been in the boat three days and four nights; but, rejoiced as we were to make the land, no immediate prospect of profiting by it appeared; for it was circled by a coral reef, in which it was past noon before we discovered an opening. Effecting a passage, we entered a smooth basin of water, and saw hundreds of canoes launching and putting off to us. They would approach within a short distance, then suddenly retreat, and at length commenced showering stones, arrows, and other missiles upon us. We threw ourselves in the bottom of the boat; and when they had

satisfied themselves that we could or would offer no resistance, they were emboldened to make a rush upon the boat, which they towed to the beach. After we were landed they stripped us of our clothing, and took every thing out of the boat—whale irons, tubs, muskets, &c. The boat was then hauled up on the beach, and our company, six in number, were led to the canoe-house. Besides myself, they consisted of George Keenan, an Irishman belonging to Dublin; John Johnson, an Englishman; Edward Bradford, of Bristol; John Thompson, of Liverpool; and John Williams, of London. Of the native places of the two last named persons I am not positive.

We were seated in the centre of the canoe-house on mats; and yams, bread fruit, plaintains, bananas, fish, bits of cold game, were brought to us. The building was filled in every chink by natives, seated; the men with crossed legs like Turks, and the women on their heels. A constant buzz of conversation ran through the assembly, each talking to his neighbour and gesticulating violently. Parties of two or three would come down to where we sat, walking with their bodies bent almost double. They took hold of our persons very familiarly, women and men, and gave frequent clucks of admiration at the blue veins which were marked through our skins, on parts of the body which had not been usually exposed to be bronzed by the sun. My companions feared the Indians were cannibals, and that this examination was to discover whether we were in good roasting case,—a horrible supposition,—which was strengthened by the building of two or three wood fires covered with small stones. Their fear was so excessive that they gave themselves up for lost; but, as I had been somewhat acquainted with the manners of the inhabitants of other islands, I reasoned, from the apparent good humor of these people, that they intended us no harm.

In a sort of desperate feeling of recklessness, I determined to try the experiment of dancing upon our savage audience. I proposed it to my comrades, and they endeavored to reason me out of what they esteemed criminal, thoughtless conduct, in the view of a horrid death. The prospect was none of the most agreeable certainly; but I was determined on my experiment despite their remonstrances. I accordingly sprung to my feet, and took an attitude. A cluck of pleasure ran through the savages, and one of them, readily understanding my intention, spread a mat for me. I struck into Garry Owen, and figured away in that famous jig to the best of my ability and agility; and my new acquaintances were amazingly delighted thereat. There was no loud acclamation, but anxious peering and peeping over each other's shoulders, the universal cluck

sounding all over the house. Before my dance was finished, the cause for which the fires were built became apparent, to the no small relief of my comrades. It was ascertained that the roasting preparations were made, not for us, but for some quadrupeds, which we afterwards found were dogs. Other preparations were making for a feast, and after my dance was concluded, each of us was surrounded by a group of natives who could not sufficiently admire and examine us. The natives continued to treat us with great hospitality and kindness.

Upon the fourth day after our landing, there was an arrival of a fleet of canoes—the head and other chiefs. We were again inspected by the new comers, and it was my fortune to be selected, with my shipmate George Keenan, by the principal chief. On the morrow my new friend—or master, or owner—left the Island upon which we landed, taking with him Keenan and myself. Eight or nine hours carried us to his island, where new feasting and *lionizing* awaited us.

A grand feast celebrated the return of the chief to his house, at which I repeated the Irish jig which had taken so well upon my first landing. I have no doubt that in my heels was found the attraction which led the chief to select me from among my comrades. We had been about three days at our new residence, when some of the natives began showing us their tattooed arms and legs, and making signs not entirely intelligible to us at first, though their meaning became afterwards too painfully marked. On the fourth or fifth day, George Keenan and myself were put on board of a canoe with six natives. They paddled a short distance along the shore of the island, and then turned into a creek wide at the mouth, but soon narrowing till there was not room for two canoes abreast. It was completely arched over with dependant branches of trees; and altogether the scene was romantic and would have been pleasing if we had not been so utterly in the dark as to the purpose of the journey. At length we reached a hut in which we were left by our conductors. After we had waited there sometime, our suspense was relieved by the entrance of five or six women, bearing implements, the use of which we were soon taught. George was made to set in one corner of the room, and I in the other, half the women with me and the other half with my companion. One of my women produced a calabash of black liquid; another took my left hand, squeezing it in hers, so as to draw the flesh tight across the back; then a little sliver of bamboo was dipped in the liquid and applied to my hand, upon which it left a straight black mark. The third beauty then produced a small flat piece of wood with thorns pierced through one end; this she dipped in the black liquid, then rested the

points of the thorns on the mark on my hand, and with a sudden blow from a stick, drove the thorns into my flesh. One needs must when the devil drives; so I summoned all my fortitude, set my teeth, and bore it like a martyr. Between every blow my beauty dipped her thorns in the ink.

I was too much engaged in my own agreeable employment to watch my comrade, but George soon let me hear from him. He swore and raved without any attention to rule; the way he did it was profane, but not syntactical or rhetorical. He wished all sorts of bloody murder to light on his tormentors; prayed that the island might be sunk by an earthquake; hoped forty boats' crews from a squadron of armed ships would land and catch the blasted savages tormenting the king's subjects. All this availed nothing but to amuse the women; and even I could not forbear a smile at his exclamations. The operators suspended their work to mimic him, and mocked his spasmodic twitches of the arms and horrid gestures. He was a standing butt for it long afterwards, and when the natives wished to revile him, they would act the tattooing scene, ending with the exclamation, "Narlic-a-nutt mucha purk"—Narlic-a-nutt (his name) is a coward; "Jim Aroche ma coo mot"—Jim Chief brave! After my executioner had battered my hand awhile, she wiped it with a sponge. I hoped she had finished; but no! She held my hand up, squinted at the lines, as a carpenter would true a board; then she begun again, and this was worse than the first job. When the women had done with my hand, they rubbed it over with cocoa-nut oil and pulverized charcoal. The women then left us, and we were permitted to eat.

In the afternoon there came a fresh supply of ladies, who continued tattooing operations on my left arm. On the next morning my hand was puffed up into aldermanic proportions; but, after breakfast the ladies came to decorate us still farther. George howled piteously and succeeded in begging off, but I was informed that I could on no account be excused. Eight days were occupied in tattooing the various parts of my corporation; but, fortunately being a small man, the ground of operations was not so extensive as it would have been had I laid claim to more inches. The hair on my body was twitched out with sea-shells, as dexterously as pin-feathers are substracted from the flesh of a goose. It was a whole month before I recovered from the effects of this treatment, being anointed continually with oil and coal, which proved a sort of cosmetic not very favorable to the delicacy of the skin.

To relieve our weariness, George made a flute of a reed, and a fiddle of some light wood; while I, on my part, had music in

my *sole*. Our retirement proved tedious, notwithstanding all that Zimmerman hath said on solitude. The parrots squawled and the dogs howled at a distance, and the scene was romantic enough; but I was more given to dancing than sublime contemplation.

We were heartily rejoiced when the canoe was manned to carry us back to the war canoe-house. I came from the tattoo hospital, a horse of a different color from that which I had when I entered it, being tattooed on my left hand, on both arms, legs, thighs, back and abdomen. George had escaped with a few stripes on the left arm, and those were unfinished. On our return a feast awaited us, and George fiddled and piped, while I danced.

I had supposed that my tattooing was over, but now by the Chief's direction, one of his daughters prepared to mark me still more. She tattooed a ring under my right breast, another under my left shoulder, and two about my right arm. This was but the prick of a needle to the extensive printing business which had been prosecuted upon my body at the tattoo-house, and I made no complaint.

The feasting continued during the day; many dogs barked their last; jagow in abundance was mauled to express its juice; and my comrade for his life, and myself for my heels, were in excellent odor with the natives. Singing and dancing with feasting, and the arrival of distinguished strangers, lasted all the second day; and it was not until night, that I began to suspect what it all tended to. At night I learned that the young lady who imprinted the last marks upon my arm and breast, was my wife! that last tattooing being part of the marriage ceremony.

Upon the third morning my bride led me away to the bath, and the day was spent in feasting and dancing. There was no quarrelling or disturbance, no uproar or disorder. George also was provided with a wife; but his unwillingness to submit to the process of tattooing, wedded him to a women of no rank—she, however, proved a good women to him.

My father-in-law was Ahoundell-a-Nutt, Chief of the island of Nutt, and the most powerful chief on the group of islands enclosed by the reef—set down on the charts as one island—Ascension, but called by the natives Bonabee. I resided under the same roof with him; he gave me his own name, Ahoundel, but I was more frequently called Jem-aroche. George Keenan's island name was Narlic.

My wife was only about fourteen years of age—affectionate, faithful, and fond of baked dogs. During my residence on the island she presented me with two little demi-savages, a



girl and boy—the latter of whom stands a chance, in his turn, to succeed his grandfather in the government of the island.

My wife endeavored to instruct me in the language, and although I was a tolerably apt scholar, yet my teacher had a very critical ear, and the least deviation from the island pronunciation, created vast merriment both for her and others present. My wife accompanied me in my walks and in my canoe excursions; always at my side, and looking up to me as affectionately as ever a novel-schooled miss could, and with twice as much sincerity. My father-in-law, who was a practical joker, continued, in the excursions in which he accompanied us during the lengthened honey-moon, to pop upon places where he knew that the residents had never seen me. He would direct me to enter a house suddenly, with a howl, and strike an attitude. It would invariably send all the occupants, usually women, flying out at every place of egress. The sight of Ahoundel on the outside, enjoying a hearty laugh, would remove fear, and this rude method of introduction supplied both parties, the visitors and the visited, with rare amusement.

To excursions without him, Ahoundel was very adverse. He would, in answer to my inquiries about other islands, tell me they were inhabited by cannibals, and assured me that if I ventured away from him, I should certainly be eaten. George and I, if we took excursions, did so in a canoe borrowed of fishermen, because we could not launch our own unperceived. Afraid of being eaten we kept near the island, sailing round it and paddling up the creeks. When we were near a settlement George would take a fife and make its shrill notes echo in the still valleys and mountains,—“Narlic! Narlic! Narlic! Narlic!”—we should soon hear the natives shouting, as they came running down to the creek side, “Narlic, cudjong! cudjong!” Cudjong was the name which the natives had bestowed upon George’s fife. We would be invited on shore, and when inclined to dance I used to land and shake a leg for their edification.

Accustomed to polygamy, the Carolinean woman sees nothing shocking in the system of a plurality of wives. It were nonsense to assert that there is no jealousy and quarreling—as it would be asserting a position contradicted by reason and the nature of things. Even in christian countries we often see that one wife is enough to quarrel with; and it is not to be imagined that Laowui (that was her name) and myself had none of the disputes which appear incidental to conjugal life.

Upon one occasion, when I was sick, a journey was projected, as was the usual course with invalids; I however refused to be cured in that way, preferring ease and quiet. All the

preparations having been made for the journey, it was taken without me. I thought my wife might have had the grace to remain at home with her sick spouse, but she chose to accompany her father. Upon her return I had pretty well recovered, and I welcomed her by taking my wedding gift—a few blue beads—from her basket, and breaking them between two stones, before her eyes. As soon as I had done the mischief, Laowni ran from the house to a stone in the edge of the water, where she set down and commenced crying like an infant. I followed, and endeavored to pacify her, but it was of no use; the only answer she made was to kick like a spoiled child. The tide followed in till she was in water to her elbows; then I was enabled to coax her away, but still she ceased not bellowing for her beads. If I had bitten off her finger, it would certainly have grieved her less. At night I went to sleep and left her weeping. She had refused to eat, though fish and the most delicate bits of roasted dog had been offered her. Happening, however, to awake at midnight, I detected her solacing her grief with a dog's drum stick; but in the morning I found her still pouting. All day she wore the same sulks, giving me an occasional look of any thing but affection, but without saying a word. At night I took George with me, and instead of sleeping in the canoe-house, which was then Ahoundel's quarters, went to his house proper. There we built a small fire for its light, and just as we had propounded to each other the sage conclusion, that his Majesty of Nutt and family were not in the best humor, we were surprised with a visit from that dignitary himself, accompanied by a native—who was particularly indebted to me for detecting him in stealing my knife—and two others, all armed with spears. Without saying a word they sat down at a little distance, biting their nether lips, as is always the custom when vexed or in a passion. I enquired the reason of their visit, but received no answer. George shivered beside me like a leaf, though I assured him he need fear nothing, as the visit was undoubtedly intended solely for me. At length one agreeable state of suspense was relieved by the appearance of Laowni, who beckoned them outside, and we saw nothing more of them.

This adventure showed the danger of offending the daughter of a man who could take my life with impunity, although Ahoundel respected the courage with which I faced him—a courage as much affected as real.

With these people, after George and I had become habituated to their customs, and learned to appreciate their character, we resigned ourselves to circumstances, and were content in the absence of almost all hope of escape, to be happy. In about a

year from our arrival, Ahoundel grew a little less cautious about our wandering; a forced remission of care, as we had become too well acquainted with the people to believe them all cannibals. Still he insisted upon our being frequently in his company. The difficulty with Laowni, which I have mentioned, and my father-in-law's conduct on that occasion, in which I suspected he was instigated by Namadow, left my situation not quite so pleasant as before. Ahoundel seemed disposed to repair his harshness with over affection, and it was with the utmost difficulty that George and I obtained permission to leave Nutt for twenty-four hours.

Outside the reef which bounds Bonabee are two islands, one called by the natives Hand, about twenty miles distant; the other Pokeen, about sixty miles distant. The latter called on the charts Wellington Island, is inhabited; Hand is not. The inhabitants of Wellington Island resemble those of Bonabee, except that they are addicted to cannibalism, a practice which is unknown on Bonabee, except, perhaps, so far as tasting an enemy's heart goes. Hand is visited for its cocoanuts, which are very abundant. Keenan and myself visited it once, and found it bounded by a reef, through which there is but one passage. Boche le mere was deposited in large quantities upon the sand at low tide. We were detained by a storm longer than we bargained for, being weather bound ten days.

Upon Wellington Island we remained nearly six months. The language was essentially the same as at Bonabee; the customs, similar; the three casts of people also existed there. It is oftener visited by vessels than Bonabee, as the bits of iron hoop, an officer's coat, and other articles in the possession of the natives proved. Boche le mere and tortoise shell were plentiful; the latter in possession of the islanders, and the former neglected from an ignorance of the method and means to cure it. The natives of Wellington Island are in the habit of frequently visiting Bonabee, bringing presents of mats, fruits, and other articles; and it was upon the return of a party from Wellington that we visited their island. I did not believe, till my visit, that the natives of Wellington Island were cannibals; then I had ocular demonstration. It seemed with them an ungovernable passion; the victims being not only captives, but presents to the chiefs from parents, who appeared to esteem the acceptance of their children, for a purpose so horrid, an honor. Wellington Island laid down on the chart as one, is in fact, three islands bound by a reef. One of them is inhabited, and the other two are uninhabited spots, claimed by different chiefs, as if to afford a pretext for war, and the gratification of their horrible passion for human flesh.

Shortly after our return from Pokeni or Wellington Island, our four comrades, Johnson, Brayford, Thompson, and Williams, paid us a visit, as had been their occasional custom. The reader may well imagine we enjoyed these opportunities to revive old associations, and speculate upon the chances of our escape from Bonabee.

Upon this occasion, our comrades proposed to George and me, that we should leave Nutt, and spend a twelvemonth with them, dividing the time with the different chiefs with whom they were quartered, and devoting the first month to an excursion from island to island. This proposition was eagerly embraced by us. I had frequently expressed to Ahoundel a wish to the same effect, but he uniformly refused his consent. My visit to Wellington Island was protracted, by the strength of the north-east trades, much beyond his pleasure; and, although this was not my fault, that long absence had so proved the necessity of my presence to him, that it made him averse to my going from his sight: a fatherly solicitude that was horribly annoying. Knowing therefore the certain answer to an application for leave of absence, I determined to take liberty without. What I fancied a good opportunity soon offered. Ahoundel, and his whole household and connexions, launched the canoe for an excursion or visit. I was excused from the party on account of the presence of my friends, who declined accompanying Ahoundel. When they were fairly off, we stepped into the canoe, but had hardly got under weigh, when a rascally nigurt, who had evidently been watching us, shoved his canoe off and paddled before us like lightning, shoving, or rather poling his canoe over the shallows, and working like a windmill in a gale with his single paddle in the deep water. When he reached a creek or inlet, into which we knew Ahoundel had turned, he shot up the opening, and we began to see his intention, and the meaning of the hoo-hooing he had kept up in preceding us. In a few moments we saw the canoes of Ahoundel in pursuit: we used paddle and sail, and cracked on, esteeming it more a frolic than anything else. As we had the start, it was nearly two hours before they neared us enough to be within hailing distance. They then commenced fair promises if we would stop; offering us fish and bread-fruit, and yams, and using all the logic of persuasion of which they were capable. Still we cracked on; but Ahoundel's canoe at length shoved alongside of us, upon the weather or outrigger side, and we gave up the race as useless. My friend Namadow was the first to lay hold of the outrigger, and gave us the first intimation of their rough intentions, by endeavouring to capsize us. We hung to windward to trim the boat, and find-

ing his strength ineffectual to upset it, he had the brazen impudence to climb on the platform with the intention to board us. In the heat of the moment I administered a settler with my first which knocked him into the water: then half a dozen of the Indians laid hold of our outrigger at once, and thinking it useless to struggle against such odds, we all jumped out of the canoe. Others of Ahoundel's fleet had by this time gathered around us, and the Indians commenced beating us with the flat sides of the paddles whenever we showed our heads. Our canoe was smashed to pieces, and my comrades were allowed to climb into others in the fleet, without much beating; indeed, they were assisted in; but I did not fare so well. Ahoundel made frequent feints with his spear, and so did others, but not one was thrown, nor had any person any such murderous intentions; as I afterwards learned their orders was to frighten and beat, but not to hurt: a consoling circumstance of which I had not then the benefit, but considered myself a case. During all this time my father-in-law was upbraiding me with my ingratitude, reminding me of my rank, connexions, wife, and the benefits he had heaped upon me. I protested my purpose was only to make an excursion with the intention to return. The paddle pounding had ceased after the first attack, and this conversation was carried on, or rather his scolding, while I was eyeing the spears and dodging in anticipation of the blows. I made several attempts to climb into Ahoundel's canoe, but my particular friend, who had by this time been fished out of the water, rapped my fingers with his paddle as soon as they clasped the gunwale. The fleet, which had received additions from Nutt, of people who came out of curiosity, seeing the fray, now turned towards Nutt again; and Jem Aroche, chief as he was, was fain to crawl into the canoe of a nigurt and return to the house of his father-in-law. My shipmates accompanied me, and Ahoundel satisfied that I should not repeat my attempt to escape, proceeded on his excursion. No women accompanied our pursuers, as they were set on shore before the chase commenced.

Three or four days passed before Ahoundel and his party returned. During that time I had ample opportunity for reflection, and acknowledged to myself that my punishment was not altogether undeserved, as my treatment of my father had, to say the least, been unhandsome.

When the party returned, Laowni immediately sought me upon landing, as she heard vague rumors of my adventure, and was not sure that I was killed. She was overjoyed to see me; rubbed her nose against mine in token of affection; threw herself upon my neck, and wept tears of joy at my safety. Ahoun-

del himself made a sort of half apology, and excused himself by recapitulating the suspicious circumstances against me. Laowni was clamorous in her complaints of my treatment, and even appealed to her father by asking him how he would like such usage if he was a stranger in London.

Laowni drew all the particulars of the attack from me, and worked herself into such a rage with Namadow, the friend who struck my hand, that she ran up to him and struck him with her codjic, or small wooden knife. It was a severe blow that she dealt him, and he had no refuge but flight, being below her in rank. The others who had assisted in abusing me, thought it necessary to propitiate me with presents before they ventured into the canoe-house. Ahouadel was much better pleased with Laowni's attack upon Namadow than I was. He called her "brave" for it: not exactly to her face, but as any father among us would rather commend than regret the pranks of a spoiled child; for such was Laowni, his only daughter.

Our shipmates lengthened their visits some days after their capture under the suspicious circumstances of running away with George and me. Ahoundel had the justice to present them with a new canoe; the civility to invite them to prolong their visit, and the delicacy to restore their property so soon after the explanation, that their visit could not seem a detention forced by the lack of means of escape.

After remaining restricted principally to Nutt for about two years, George and I determined upon an excursion, cost what it might. After an abortive attempt to get away in a borrowed nigurt's canoe, we obtained a larger one and started. To avoid suspicion it was borrowed, as launching one of my own would have been attempted with a parade that would have led my honored father-in-law to suspect even more than was my intention. I had taken the precaution to note on a plaitain leaf the names of the other islands and their chiefs. Five or six hours brought us to Chocoich, and upon nearing the chief's canoe-house, George struck upon his fife, flute, or cudjong, a lively tune, while I kept the canoe in motion. When we reached the landing a host of the natives, many of whom had never before seen us, were ready to receive us. With Wajor, the head chief, we remained one night, and were feasted and entertained. A like reception we met at other islands which we visited in succession, occupying nearly a month in the trip. Possessed of the names of the chiefs, it was my custom upon ascertaining the name of the island to enquire for its chief, to whom I first paid my respects. George's flute and my looking-glass were assurances of good reception, as their fame and ours had preceded us.

Notwithstanding the representations of Ahoundel, that we were in danger of being eaten if we ventured out his sight, nothing but the most courteous treatment was received by us. My tattooing, speaking my relationship to Ahoundel-a-Nutt, was better than letters of introduction. We were frequently accompanied from island to island, and nigers were put into our canoe to save us the labor of propelling it. During a month thus most agreeably spent we met all our shipmates. These meetings were indeed the most pleasant part of the excursion, as the reader will well imagine. My friends were much diverted at the respect paid me on account of my tattooing; so far was it carried that the natives often insisted upon my shipmates sitting down, as a token of respect to Jem Aroche *alias* Ahoundel-a-Nutt, *alias* James O'Connell.

But, the most wonderful adventure made during the excursion, the relation of which will put my credit to a severer test than any other fact detailed, was the discovery of a large uninhabited island; upon which were stupendous ruins of a character of architecture differing altogether from the present style of the islanders, and of an extent truly astonishing. At the extreme eastern extremity of the cluster is a large flat island, which at high tides seems divided into thirty or forty small ones by the water which rises and runs over it. It differs from the other islands in its surface which is entirely level. There are no rocks upon it which appear placed there by nature. Upon some parts of it fruit grows, ripens and decays unmolested; as the natives can by no persuasion be induced to gather or touch it. My companions at the time of discovering this island, were George and a Nigurt; the latter having directed our attention to it, promising us a surprise—and a surprise indeed it proved. At a little distance the ruins appeared like some of the fantastic heapings of nature, but upon a nearer approach, George and myself were astonished at the evident traces of the hand of man in their creation. The tide happened to be high, our canoe was paddled into a narrow creek; so narrow that in places a canoe could hardly have passed us, while in others, owing to the inequality of the ground, it swelled to a basin. At the entrance we passed for many yards through two walls, so near each other that, without changing the boat from side to side, we could have touched either of them with a paddle. They were about ten feet high; in some places dilapidated, and in others in very good preservation. Over the tops of the wall, cocconut trees, and occasionally a bread fruitspread their branches, making a deep and refreshing shade. It was a deep solitude, not a living thing, except a few birds being discernible. At the first convenient landing, where the walls left the edge of

the creek, we landed; but the poor Nigurt, who had seemed struck dumb with fear, could not be induced to leave the boat. The walls inclosed circular areas, into one of which we entered, but found nothing upon the inside but shrubs and trees. Except the wall there was no perceptible trace of the footsteps of man, no token that he had ever visited the spot. We examined the masonry, and found the walls composed of stones varying in size from two to ten feet in length, and from one to eight in breadth, carefully propped in the interstices and cracks with smaller fragments. They were built of the blue stone which abounds upon the inhabited islands and is, as before stated, of a slatose formation, and were evidently split and adapted for the purpose to which they were applied. In many places the walls had so fallen that we climbed over them with ease. Returning to our canoe we plied our Nigurt with questions; but the only answer we obtained was "Animan!" He could give no account of the origin of these piles, of their use, or of their age. Himself satisfied that they were the work of *Animan*, he desired no farther information, and dared make no inspection, as he believed them the residence of spirits. We returned to the island of Kitti, where we announced our intention to inspect the ruins on the next morning. It was with difficulty we got away from the islanders, who declared that our lives would be forfeited to our temerity. Arriving a second time at this deserted Venice of the Pacific, we prepared for a deliberate survey. We paid several visits to these ruins, but could find no hieroglyphics or other traces of literature. The walls had evidently been built by a people dissimilar to the Indians on the inhabited islands, and the latter persisted in declaring that they were the work of spirits.

At length I began to tire of exploring and to long for home; for, strange as it may appear, my consort Laowni; savage though she were by classification, made my island home quite an attractive spot to me. Upon my return to Nutt, I found my wife and father had learned my wanderings, by report from the islands I had visited. Laowni was rejoiced to see me, and Ahoundel pronounced George and me brave, for venturing as we had among strangers. We soon had a chance to put this recommendation to the test; for we were informed that Wajaica-Hoo had declared war against Ahoundel-a-Nutt, on account of my marriage. It appeared that Laowni was promised to him previous to my arrival. The daughter never much affected the match, as Wajai was old and the husband already of something like a dozen.

Ahoundel, after stating the case, asked me if I was willing to fight, and as I saw no honorable mode of escape, I consent-



ed; but George showed the white feather and positively refused. Preparations were immediately made to visit Hoo, and "carry the war into Africa" by answering Wajai's challenge at his door. Natives to the number of about fifteen hundred were mustered, from Nutt and the contiguous small islands called Hans and Param. The order of sailing was thus: Moonjobs (the highest rank) to the right or in the van; Jerejobs (the second rank) next, the Nigurts bringing up the rear. Each canoe was furnished with smooth stones, which were stowed in the bottom; and each native was furnished with a sling, a spear, a bow and arrows, and war club. The day and place had been appointed with all the circumstance of a duel; or rather of an ancient joust at arms, with the exception that there was no stipulation or limitation as to force on either side; each party bringing all the strength he could muster. Wajai was prepared to receive us, though with an inferior force: his canoes were ranged in the water, in front of his settlement, and as soon as we were near enough to distinguish features, our chief Ahoundel, and Wajai, sprang simultaneously to their feet, upon the platforms of their canoes, and flourishing their spears, set up a shout of defiance, the conches blowing an accompaniment. The inferior chiefs upon both sides then rose and joined in the cry, and the engagement commenced with hurling the stones with slings. These stones are seldom less than a pound in weight, and are thrown with tremendous precision, the parties being from thirty to forty yards apart. Several canoes were broken and sunk on both sides, and many men killed. The stones exhausted, arrows and spears followed, and the parties nearing each other, till the battle was canoe to canoe, and hand to hand. The natives would seize each other by the hair, and thrust with a small wooden spear or lance, without barbs, and cut the flesh with sharp shells. In the onset Wajai was killed by one of the party in our canoe. A shout of joy on one side, and a murmur of grief on the other, suspended the battle a moment; but it was soon renewed with unabated fierceness. At length we forced a landing, and the vanquished or broken foe, failing to prevent it, also sprung on shore, and disputed every inch of ground, to the very doors of their houses. The land engagement was fought with the jagged spear and war clubs. An hour and a half of hard fighting brought us to the estate of Wajai. The women had long before deserted the houses, taking with them such of their effects as they could conveniently transport, and the men, fairly overpowered, fled to the interior. Our party plundered the houses of whatever moveables were left, set fire to them, and returning to the beach, broke up

the canoes of the foe; and taking with us the spears, mats, and other plunder, we returned to Nutt. We brought back such of our own dead as we could find, and the body of Wajai and other chiefs who fell upon the other side. The usual preparations of jagow and dog venison were made, and the bodies of Wajai and his chiefs were burned: but previously to the entire consumption of the bodies by fire, the heart of Wajai was taken out, and presented to the chiefs on a large plaintain leaf. When it was eaten or even tasted I cannot say, as I was not present at the ceremony. The presumption, is however, that eating the hearts of the chiefs killed in war, is a custom with them.

It was in the early part of the month of November, 1833, that I discovered a vessel from Nutt; the first vessel that I am positive of seeing while on the island of Bonabee. My comrades often said they saw vessels, and I frequently imagined that I did, but none approached near enough for us to distinguish their class. It was about sunrise in the morning when I first discovered her, and I called up George immediately. We ran to the top of the nearest hill, and anxiously watched her, as well as the mist and occasional rain would permit, for it was a dull morning. After we had satisfied ourselves that it was a European or American vessel, we ran down to the chief and informed him that there was a vessel in the offing, and that we wished to board her. He was not half so much elated at receiving the information as we were in imparting it. He eyed me some moments—"What!" said he, "a ship!" Cho! cho! (no, no.) I repeated my assurance, and led him to the hill. My wife and the whole household followed. George and I bounded about for joy, skipping up the hill, as if our feet could not serve us fast enough. The pace of our companions offered something of a contrast: they were still incredulous, and my wife and father were evidently hoping against the truth of my discovery, as they saw in my joy anything but a pleasant indication of my feelings respecting remaining on the island. I pointed out the vessel, and showed them that it was not a war-canoë. I repeated my request for a canoe, assuring Ahoundel that I would make the vessel *sit down*, or come to an anchor. At the canoe-house, whither Ahoundel, Laowni, my children, and others followed me, Ahoundel granted his unwilling consent that I should go off to the vessel, following it up with questions, while Laowni anxiously watched the expression of my face for an answer. "Do you love your wife? Your children? Do you love them much—very much? Will you certainly return?" To all this I answered yes, yes; and my heart smites me now, as I recollect the gratified expression of

my wife's countenance upon receiving the assurance. Blunt plain man that I am, I could hardly disguise my joy at the hope of an escape, although at times, as I looked at Laowni and her children, and the thought of Ahoundel's kindness intruded itself, I could hardly conceal my grief at parting. A large canoe was prepared to launch, but the tide was out. We were obliged to wait for it two full hours! Oh! the impatience we felt—the snail-like progress of time! Knowing perfectly well, had we been cool, the time of the tide, still we could not avoid running down every ten minutes to look. Meanwhile I prepared a quantity of tortoise shell, yams, bread-fruit, and cocoanuts, to take off to the captain. We watched the vessel—she tacked and stood off—our hopes fell—she stood back again—we were reassured. She hove too, and we were happy till we recollected that we were tide-bound.

At length the tide served us to launch the canoe. Ahoundel and Laowni accompanied me to the boat, the former reminding me of my promise to bring him trinkets, the latter melancholy, and half doubting that she should see me again. There was a fleet of some dozen canoes beside mine. I was accompanied by Keenan, a young chief, and two Nigurts. We went outside the reef, and had neared the vessel so that we could distinguish the men on her decks, when the Nigurt who had the steering-oar, let the canoe get into the trough of the sea. There was a tremendous sea on, and it was carelessness on my part to let the paddle go out of my hand. We were swamped. As is usual with the natives, we all jumped overboard; two taking the out-rigger side, and the others striving to bail the canoe. There was, however, too much sea running and all endeavors to bail the boat proved futile, while the tide and the swell were drifting us towards the reef. After imminent danger of drowning, George and I reached the reef. On gaining the rocks, I attached my mat to the pole of the outrigger and made signals of distress; but the men in the schooner, supposing us to be natives, paid no sort of attention to it. We were two or three hours on the reef before we were discovered by the natives, and were taken off. One of our party—the Nigurt who remained with the canoe—was drowned.

Upon reaching Nut, Ahoundel was astonished with the story of our escape, coupled as it was with the loss of the Nigurt. He was astonished that two white men should prove more fortunate swimmers than a native. At night the schooner stood off, and in the morning she was not to be seen. At length I saw a speck—it was the schooner! A half hour more and the tide was right. The vessel, standing in, was now distinctly visible, and prepared with a fresh load of tortoise shell and pro-

visions, with George and two Nigurts, I set sail again: When we reached the schooner she was hove to, with her boarding-nettings up, and her men mustered, with boarding pikes and muskets at hand. Two or three other canoes got alongside at the same time that we did, and others were coming off. We passed under her stern, and read the words "Spy, of Salem." She was brig rigged forward, and schooner aft. Passing round to her weather bow, I sung out, "shipmates! throw us a rope's end—will you?" There was a bustles on deck, a buzz of surprise, but no answer; and in a moment I heard somebody exclaiming—"Captain, the *natives* on this island speak English." The anxiety to get a peep at us through the boarding netting was now redoubled fore and aft. One of the men, after much hesitation, threw us a rope, and the captain came to the gangway and asked us on board, requesting us to keep the natives in the canoe, which we did. The captain did us the honor to ship the side-ladder for us, and George and I needed no second invitation to come on deck; but, taking up the tortoise shell with us, directed the natives to pass up the yams. To my first question the captain answered that the name of the island was Ascension, the group being laid down as one island on the charts.

After some conversation with the captain, the schooner filled away again, and we stood off, with a fleet of canoes in tow; dashing and splashing through the water, their outriggers foul of each other, getting continually carried away.

I undertook to pilot the Spy inside the reef, to an anchorage, at Captain Knight's request. At four or five o'clock in the evening, she came to an anchor in the harbor of Matalaleme. By the natives who went that night to Nutt, I sent Ahoundel a large broad axe and an adz, and to Laowni I sent beads, red kerchiefs, and other trinkets; while George and I remained on board, afraid to trust ourselves ashore again.

Like all other cowards, Captain Knight was cruel, and avenged attempts at petty pilfering, by murdering the natives. In consequence of this conduct we were soon compelled to leave the islands. Fairly out of the harbor of Matalaleme, the deportment of Captain Knight materially changed toward us. In about fourteen days we made Guam, one of the Marian Islands, and here Captain Knight would have left us, but the authorities would not permit it. After leaving Guam, I had some altercation with Captain Knight. During the whole passage I had been sick from a cold, exhaustion, fatigue and derangement of my whole system, from the change of diet. I was lying one night on the heel of the bowsprit, when Captain Knight approached and gave me a kick. "What business have you here

asleep, sir ?" I pleaded my weakness and ill health, and he collared me ; I returned his grasp with interest, when he freed himself, and running aft procured a brace of pistols. He did nothing but talk, however ; but on our arrival at Mantilla, he charged George and me with being runaway convicts from New-Holland, mutineers, pirates, devils, witches, hobgoblins, &c. &c. &c. Accordingly, we were put in chains, carried on shore, and deposited in the calabozo.

Upon entering, we found ourselves in a sort of reception room, more convenient for its purposes than genteel or elegantly furnished. It was separated from the rest of the prison by an iron grating, through which the friends of the prisoners conversed with them. Through this grating we saw a large hall, tenanted by prisoners, but were ourselves passed up a flight of stone steps, communicating with the second story. Here, with Chinese, Malays, Spaniards and Creoles, were we locked up.

Sailors, many of whom visited us, were in the frequent practice of making us small presents. With the money thus obtained we sent and purchased bread and meat, but the eyes of Argus were necessary to prevent verification of the proverb, "many a slip 'twixt cup and lip." Even after our bit of meat was in the pot with the rice, and we were superintending its cooking, some dexterous Chinese thief would whip it out with his chopsticks, if our eye strayed from it one moment. Each of the prisoners is obliged to prepare his own food, in a portion of the prison set apart for that purpose.

All sorts of ingenious modes of punishment were practised upon the prisoners for misdeeds while there. It would almost seem the Chinese ingenuity of torture, tempered by a little more regard for humanity than the officers of his Celestial Majesty possess. Stocks, confining the culprit in all sorts of positions, many of which were as ludicrous as uncomfortable, clogs, irons, and collars, and devices the description of which would tire, were in continual exercise. Flogging was going on all day, but the poor devils of Chinese came in for more than a proportionate share of it, and the blows were laid on with more hearty good will, as they were heretics.

We were not without amusement. George had brought his violin and flute, of course, and I had not forgotten the exercise of my heels. Then in the various assemblage there was ample amusement in watching the different disposal of time, according to character. The Chinese were most of them merchants, in a small way, vending tobacco, betel, and other "notions," as a Yankee would say ; and there is no better word in the world. Stock in trade was not wanting, while there was a chance to exercise their expert fingers in tricks of sleight of hand. Others

would operate as barbers, tailors—they had a thousand resources for busy idleness. Spanish blood showed itself in games of chance—cards, draughts, dominoes; and the parties would set as gravely and intently engaged as if they had been recreating in the palace of a grandee. An occasional industrious one wove hats; and cooking their pilau was the periodical occupation of all hands.

We were never brought to trial, and I amused myself by writing letters to such English and American residents as I could hear of. The American Consul and Mr. Sturgis—an American resident—visited us about a week after our committal, and to the latter gentleman I am much indebted for his kindness.

I indulged in an occasional game of draughts with one of my fellow-prisoners, a Spaniard. One day he tried to cheat me and we quarrelled. As a punishment, I was ordered into the lower prison, and George was moved with me. This apartment sacred to the lowest rogues, was by no means so pleasant as the upper one. Here I assumed the amusement of despatching letters; continuing it until one day, the deputy jailor came to me with orders to put me in close confinement. I resisted, and in the scuffle was severely bruised, and my rigging dismantled. In order to give me food for reflection, I was seized down to a bench and beaten with cow-hides. Not to fatigue the reader with a history of my sufferings and deprivations in this prison, and the brutal conduct of the American Consul, I will say that no trial took place. I had been imprisoned to satisfy the malice of Captain Knight, and it was not pretended that any thing could be proved against me. We left Mantilla in a Spanish vessel and went to Macoa. From Macoa we were sent to Canton. From Canton we sailed in the Elizabeth, Captain Rudkin, for Halifax, at which port we arrived in September, 1835. We had a pleasant passage; George's flute and fiddle enlivening the day watches, and to complete the band, I manufactured a drum out of a half barrel, by stretching a sheep skin over one head.

Arrived at Halifax, we found the cholera raging. Captain Rudkin wished Keenan and myself to remain by the vessel, but we had a mind to travel the United States, and therefore declined. We set out on foot for St. John's, having put our baggage on board a vessel bound thither. We arrived before the vessel, and upon her arrival we went to the health office for permission to take out our baggage.

“Your baggage!—where are you from?”

“Halifax.”

“You are!” (retreating,) “and how did you get there?”

“By land!”

“Stand back! back!—the cholera is raging there, and you may have caught the infection!”

George, having been taken ill, was sent to the hospital on suspicion. There I left him, shipped on board of an American schooner, and arrived in New York in the fall of 1835.

Thus ends my narration. I have nothing further to say, only I am at present in a Circus Company, and from what I have seen in my multifarious wanderings over this wide world, I think this company renders the greatest attraction and variety in the United States, the performers being of the highest order, gentlemanly in their deportment, and praiseworthy in their performance.













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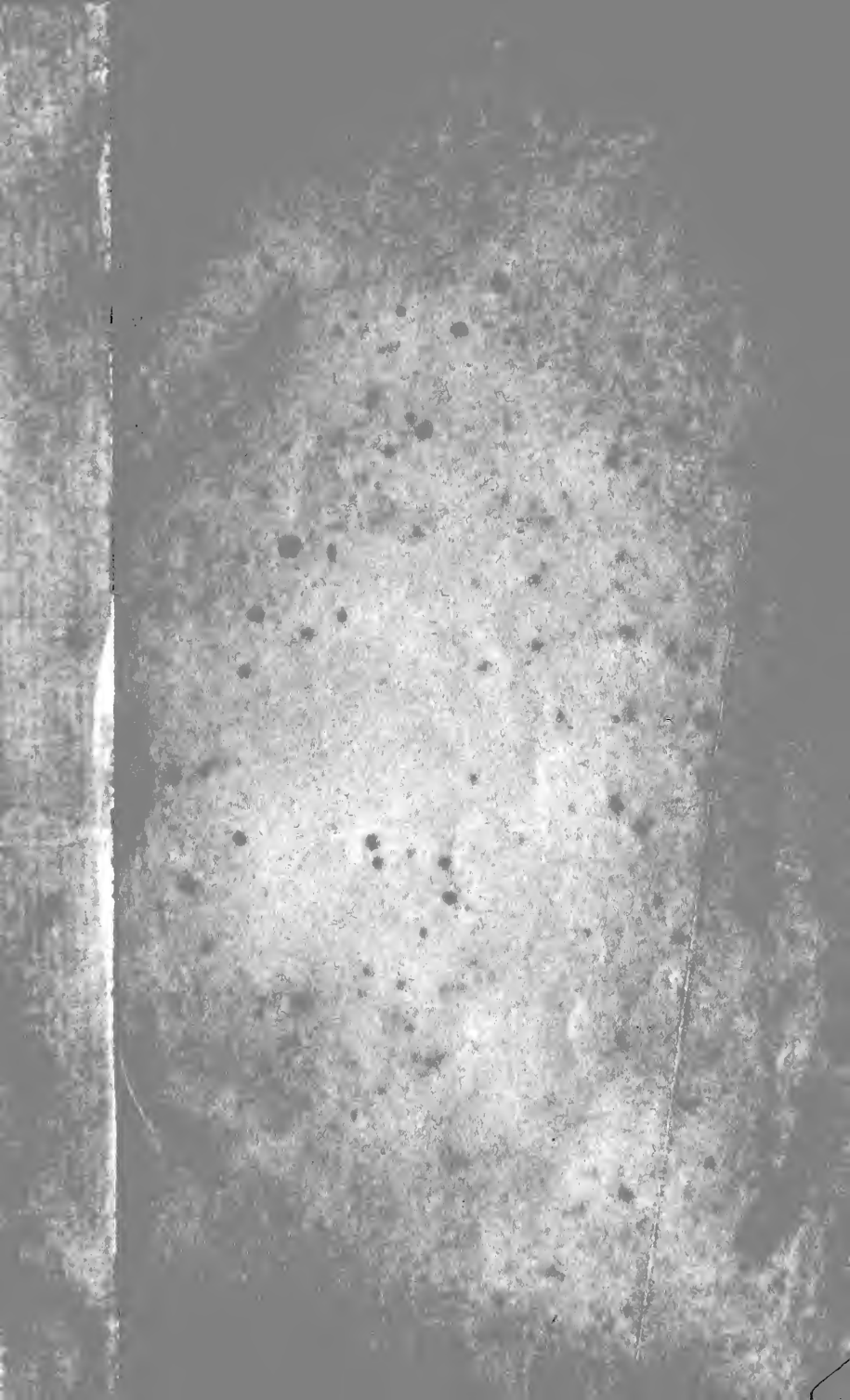
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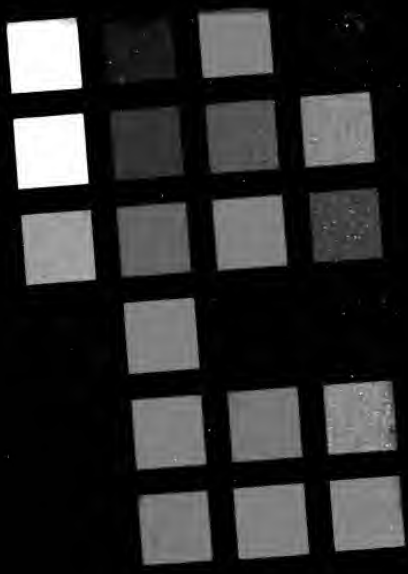


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